

TO A BIRD ON BROADWAY

Sweet singer, you but waste your wealth of song
Here in the solitude of crowded streets.
Dulled are the ears your flute notes fall upon—
Deaf to the sentiment your strain repeats.

What seek you here, a stranger in strange lands?
Your mates are wooing in some silent shade;
Wildwood and stream hold out inviting hands
In vain. You flutter upward unafraid.

Why soil your dainty wings in this drear town?
Go, dream in groves by genetlest breezes stirred.
How sad your song—ah! do you seek to drown
Sad memories, like mine, poor little bird?

By Beth Slater Whitson

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